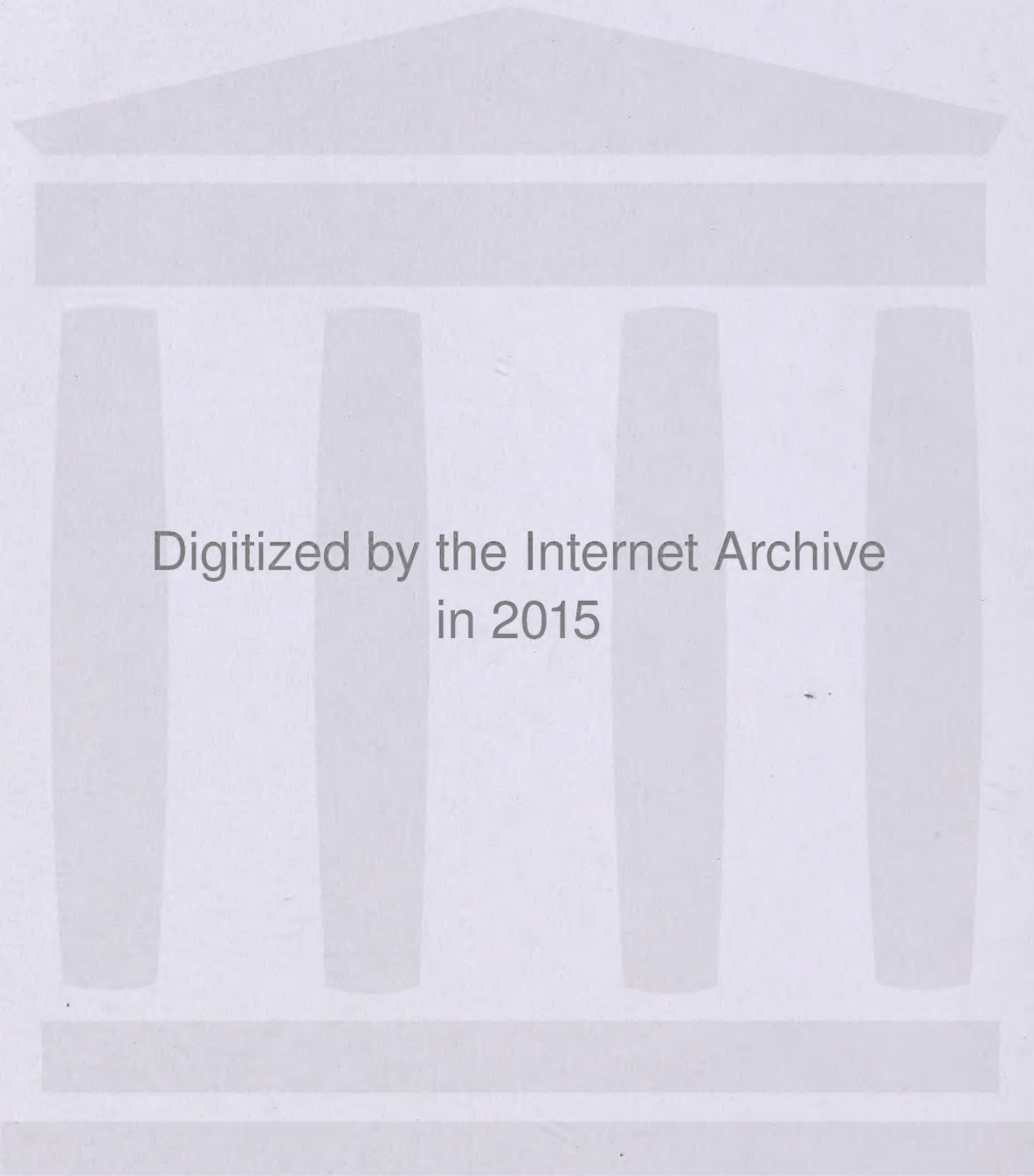


Dingle book

grey
bread
I

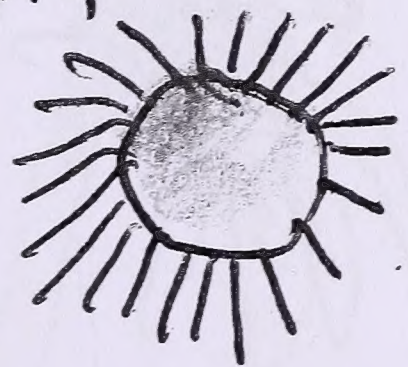
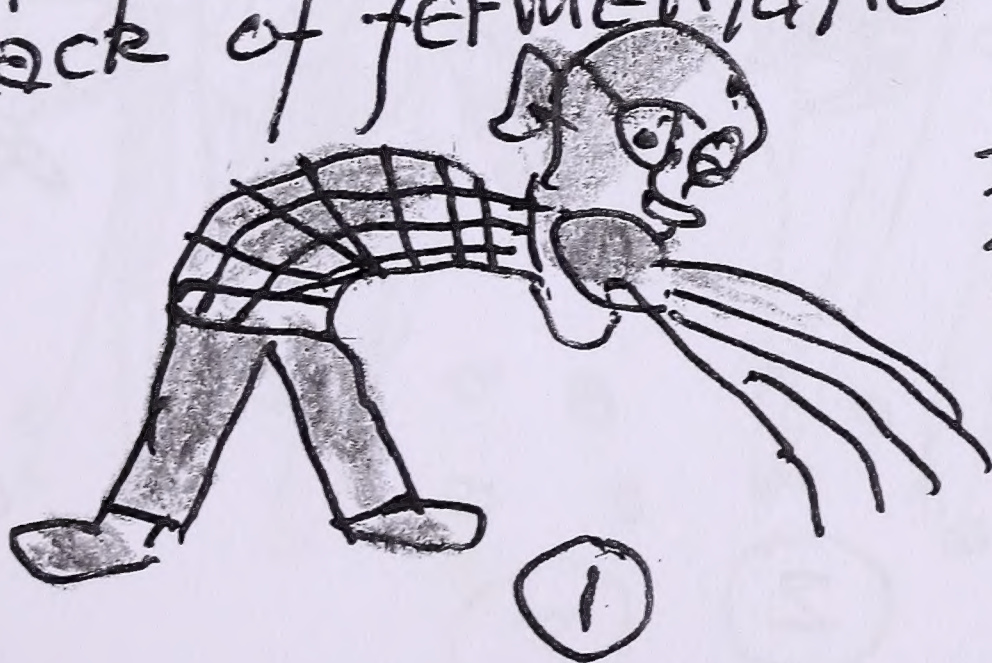
May 2013



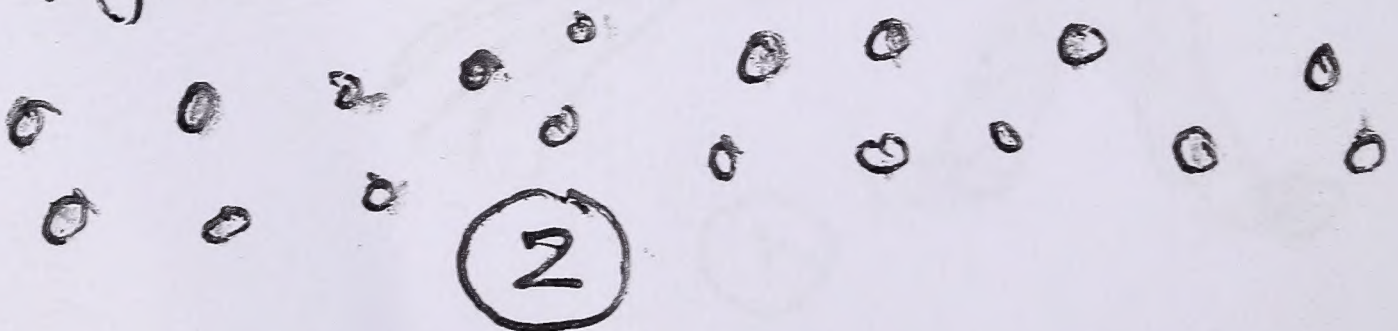
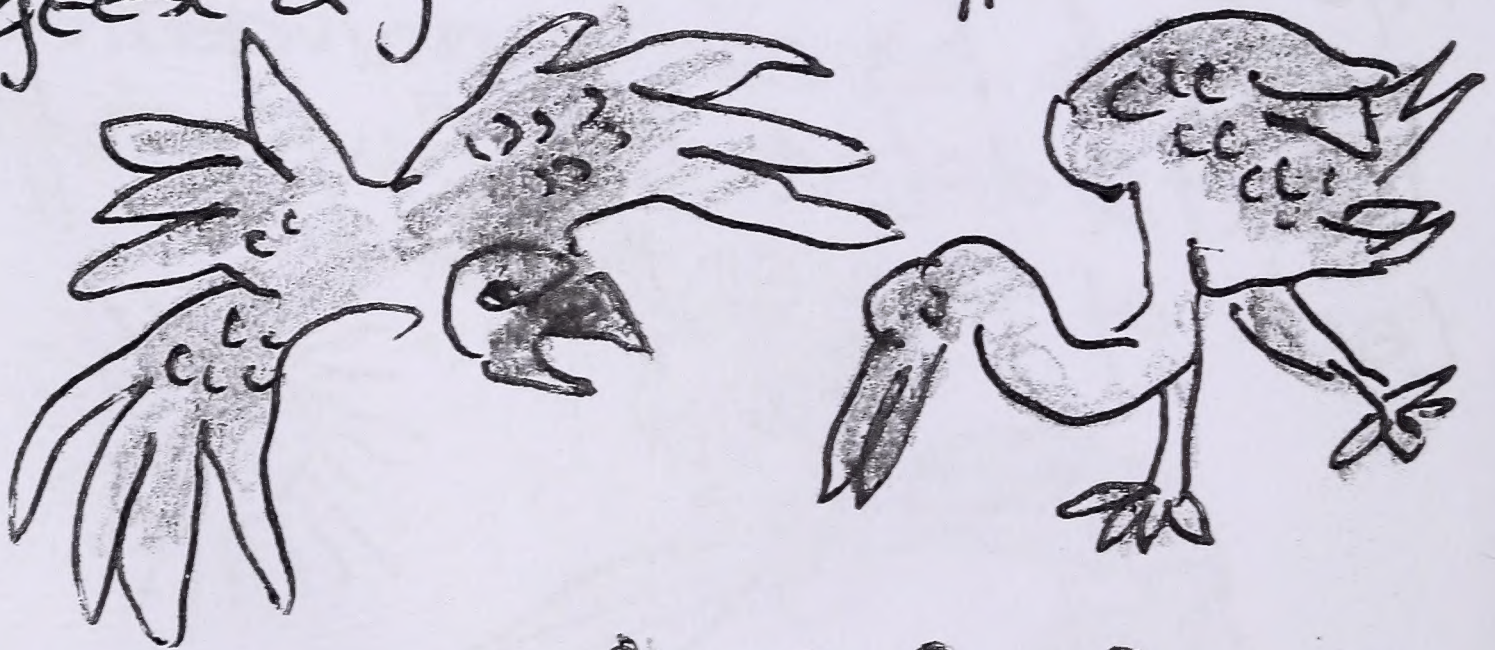
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<https://archive.org/details/jinglebookgreybr00unse>

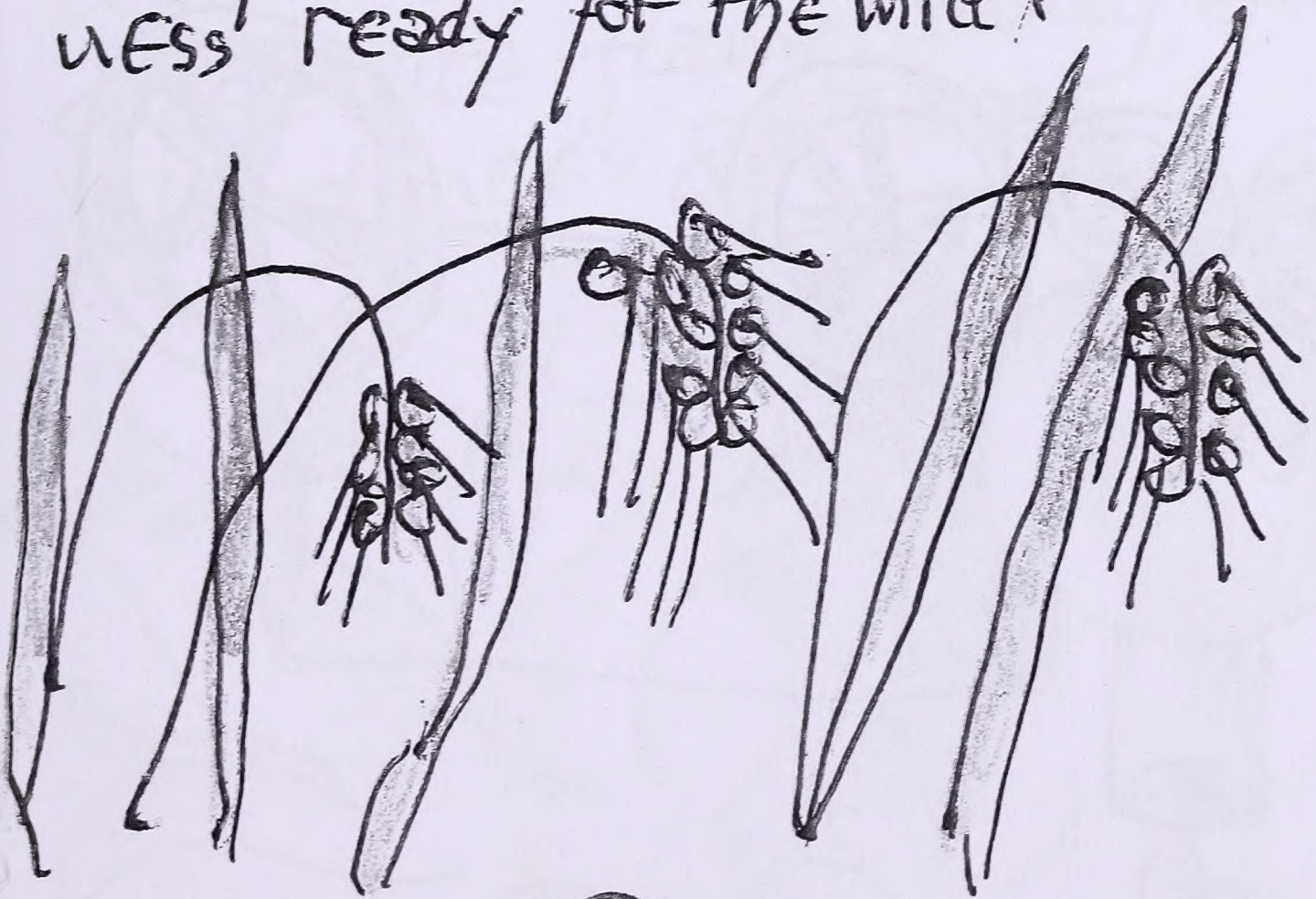
Mr. Grey from the Greycorp.
Located under the blossoming
doodle sky, obediently submits
to the frenchtoast breakfast
of standard mapleimitation
taste as prescribed by corp.
etiquette, till he turns so sweet
& thick he decides to discharge
the ~~early~~ morningspecial &
rethink his earlymorningeating
habit & detects the fluffy stuff's
lack of fermentation.



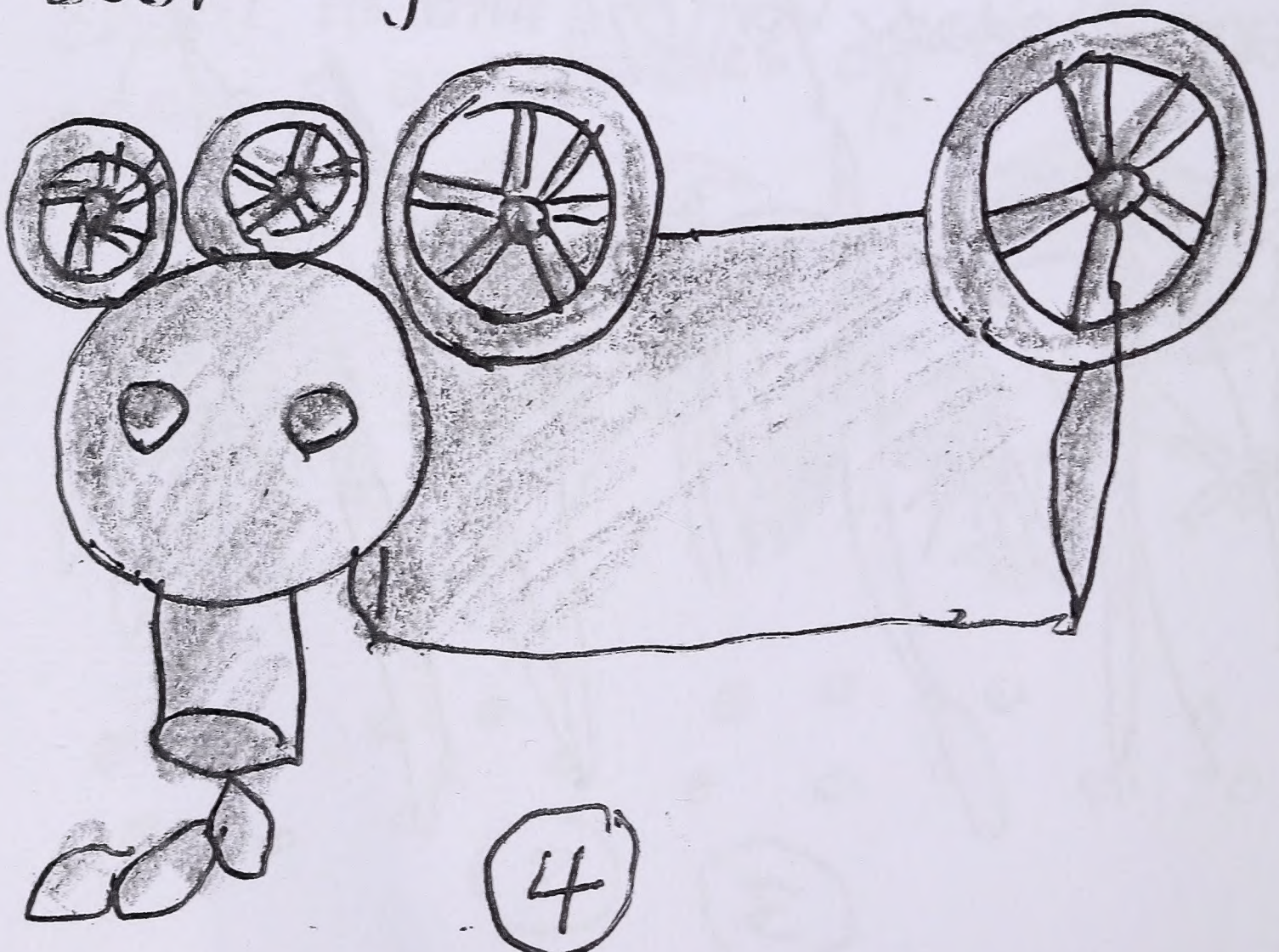
& Therefore sets out to invent
stomachable bread & the oven
that cooks it & he leaves town
by putting his left foot in front
of his right foot repeatedly till
he reaches barren land which
he seeds with ryeberries & then
groans the traditional groaning
chant to keep the greedy pigeons
geese & grossbeaks off-balance



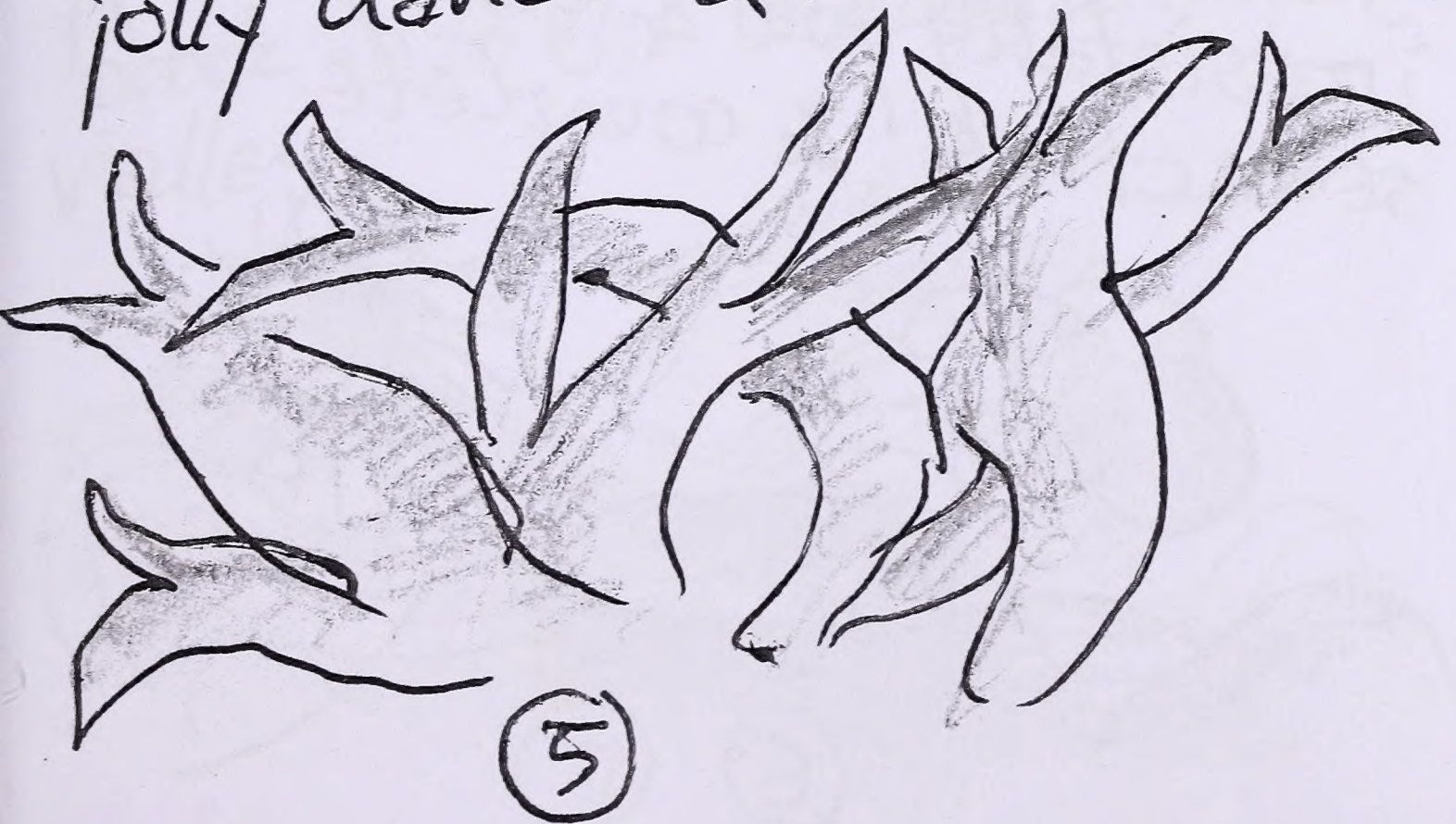
& summon a) snow b) rain
to lure the babyryeheads to
stick themselves out of the dirt
& jubilate their success & in
successful jubilation grow to
grownup size windwavingly &
stormwavingly till they are
complete & because of complete-
ness ready for the mill.



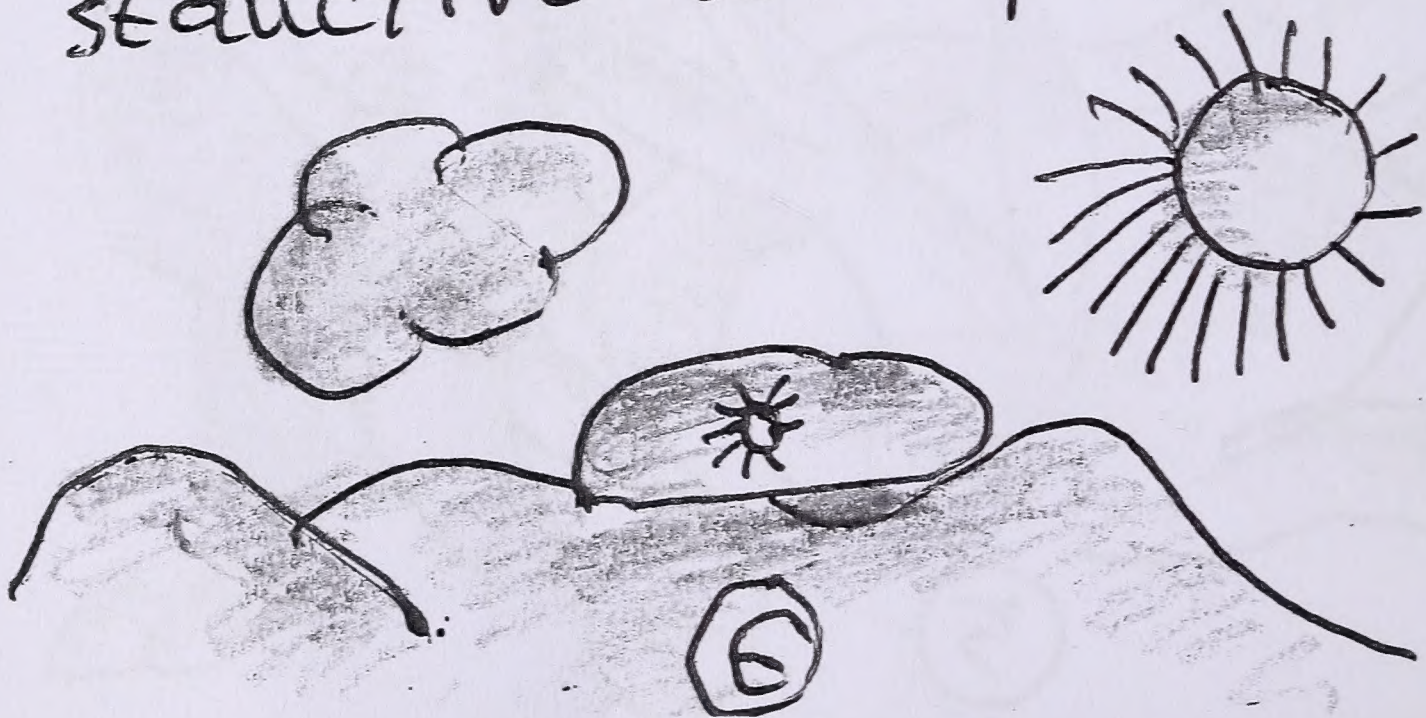
& then by defunctionalizing
a retired choochootrain, he
engages the gladly reawakened
spinning power of the wheel to
grind the grain, soak it in
foreverwater from the never-
windfacet, ferment it & call it
salt dough.



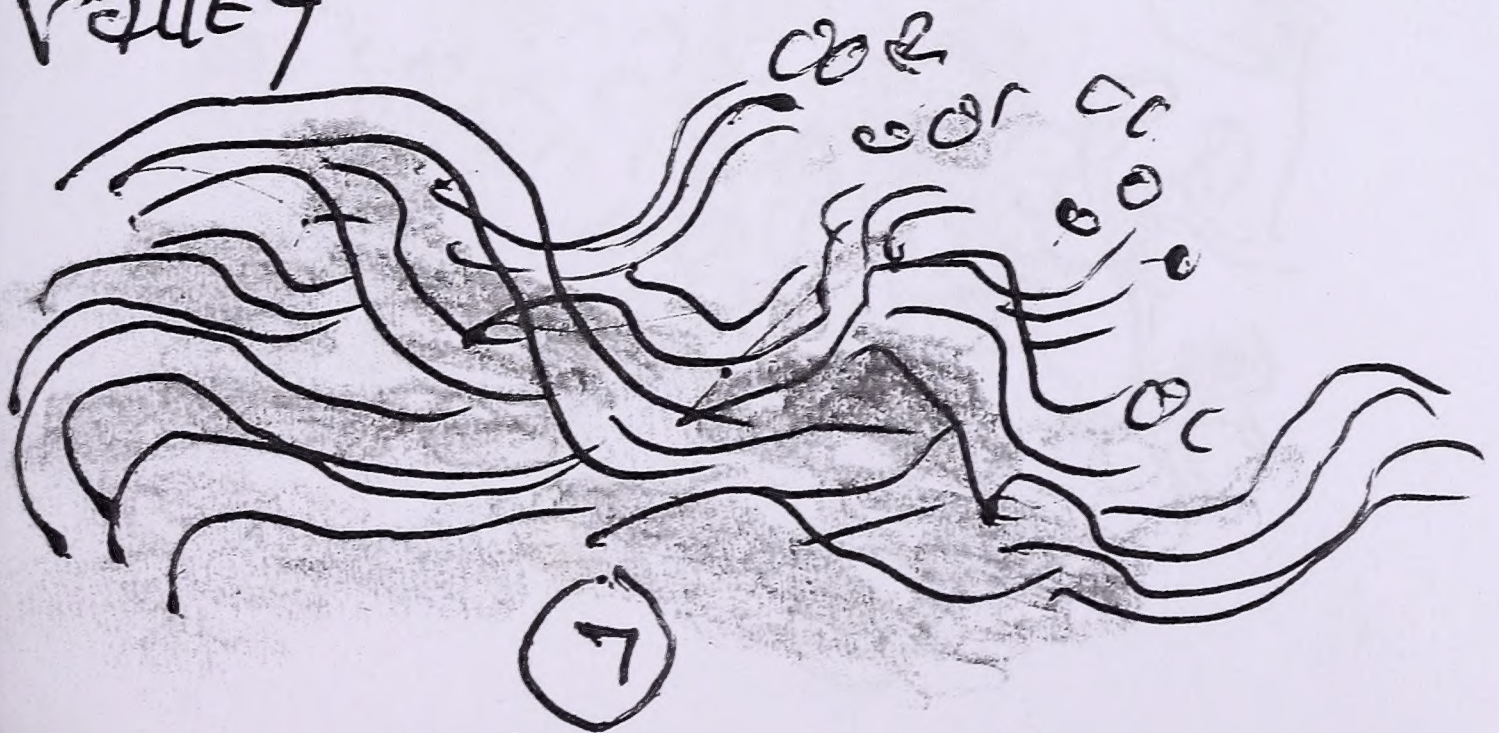
The river barely minds to
release from her clayflanks
buckets of mud suitable for
oven construction & the clay
is happy to become oven of
bread baking thickness & the
thick ovenwalls permit the
wood's inherit ecstasy to
accelerate flame licking, extra-
jolly dances & prances



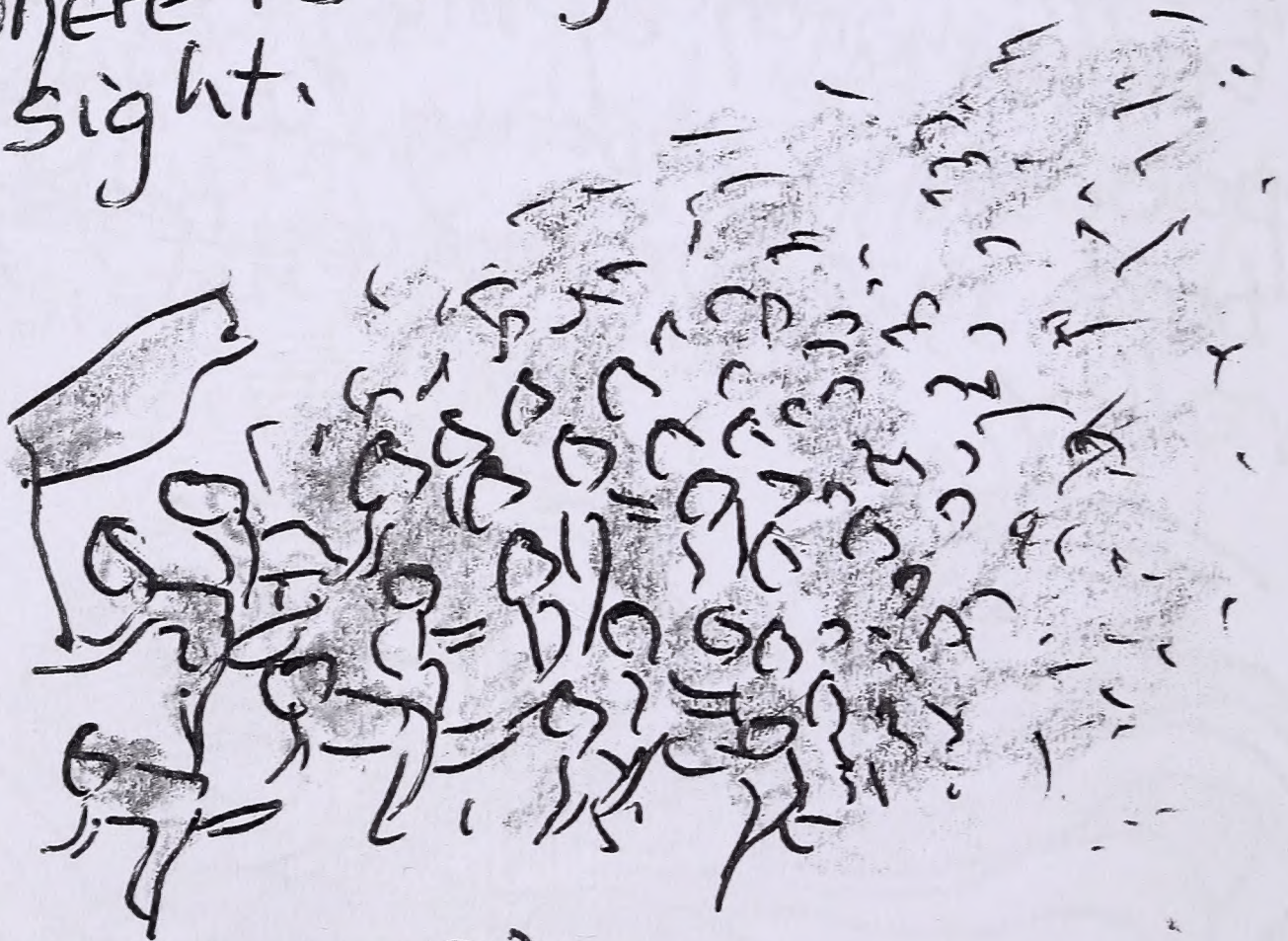
& Lie down thereafter in
sunset glowing embers till
the beloved basking hound arrives
& sucks the impatient leaves
into its embrace mightily,
till the pregnant moment of
the fresh smell's divine take-
over takes over the All & the
neighborhood is assigned bread-
sweet neighborhood status,
irresistably full & gluttonously
seductive & complete



Especially now that oil is
added & melts the hearts even
before the stomachs get involved
& finally beer bubbles out of the
cauldron & the breadsmell neigh-
borhood jollies & jingles & blows its
trumpet, & trombone & cymbal
join & march the garlic-infested
battle march of the fresh bread-
poisoners, pouring like a mountain
brook into the bored down besieged
valley



& the downers stop being down
& the high horse uppers stop being
high up & they all run after the
garlic & the bread & the crumbling
castles of the grey corporation &
the highways of the silly productions
all run, till the running is
nothing but a big one-piece
nowhere running with no end
in sight.



BREAD & PUPPET
RT. 122
GLOVER VT 05839

ES/PM

Single book

grey
bread

II

May 2013

IN THE 1ST CHAPTER WE
PRESENT TO YOU NOT ONLY THE
WORLD-RENOUNDED GREY -
CORPORATION, BUT ALSO HOW
A PERFECTLY INNOCENT
BREAKFAST CAN HAVE
DRAMATIC CONSEQUENCES

MR. PETER B.F. GREY IS
SOLIDLY GREY & WORKS FOR
THE GREY CORPORATION WHICH
MANUFACTURES ALL THE GREYS
NECESSARY FOR THE GREY PART
OF THE UNIVERSE WHICH IS
THE GREYING PART OF EVERY-
THING & STRETCHES FROM THE
BLACK RIVER TO THE WHITE

①

RIVER. MR. GREY AS REPRESENTATIVE OF THE WORLD'S GREY INTERESTS, CAN PERSONALLY ATTEST TO THE UNIVERSALITY OF EVERY DETAIL OF THE GREY PRODUCTION & DISTRIBUTION BUSINESS.

THE UNAMBITIOUS DELICATE PART OF HISSELF THOUGH, LOCATED UNDER THE BLOSSOMING DOODLESKY, OBEDIENTLY SUBMITS TO THE TRADITIONAL FRENCH TOAST BREAKFAST, AS PRESCRIBED BY CORPORATE ETIQUETTE, HASTENING TO SLURP UP THE MUDBROWN PUDDLE OF FAKE SYRUP WITH GREEDY TONGUE, WHICH TURNS HIM 1ST SWEET

(2)

& THICK & THEN EVEN SWEETER
& THICKER, TIL HE DECIDES
TO NOTICE INTESTINAL DISORDER
RESULTING FROM THE SUSPICION
THAT THE BREAKFAST SPECIAL LACKS
SUBSTANCE & FERMENTATION.
MR. GREY SO SWEET & THICK,
DOODLING IN HIS DOODLECHAIR,
HIS STOMACH WIGGLING BETWEEN
HIS RIBS AS HIS BRAIN WIGGLES
BETWEEN HIS EARS & THE
BREAKFAST INSIDE DESIRING TO
EXIT THE WRONG ONE-WAY HIGH-
WAY RESERVED FOR SPEECH &
PHILOSOPHY, BUT NOW SUBJECTED
TO REVOLT BY DISGRUNTLED
INGREDIENTS, EGGS, WHOSE
MOTHERS SERVE LIFE SENTENCES

IN MAXIMUM SECURITY FACILITIES
& STAY UP FROM THE MAPLE IMITATION
BRANCH OF THE CHEMICAL INDUSTRY.
THE REVOLT RESULTING IN THE
VIOLENT DISGORGITATION OF
THE GLITTERY MASS UNTO THE
AVAILABLE FLOOR SPACE.

IN THE 2ND CHAPTER MR. GREY
DECIDES TO SAVE HUMANITY
FROM DEHUMANIZED
CONSUMPTION & INVENTS BREAD

& MR. P.B.F. GREY SPEAKS TO
HIMSELF : IN ORDER TO INVENT
STOMACHABLE BREAD OF SUB-
STANCE I MUST PUT MY LEFT
FOOT IN FRONT OF MY RIGHT

(4)

FOOT REPEATEDLY, TIL I
REACH BARREN LAND, UNTO
WHICH TO SEED RYEBERRIES
BY VIRTUE OF MY DAINTY
LITTLE FINGERS.
FURTHER I MUST SING THE
CORRECT MOANING & GROANING
SONG FOR DEFLECTION OF CROW
& PIGEON & THEN MUST SING
SO SMARTLY AS TO LURE THE
BABY RYE HEADS TO STICK
THEMSELVES OUT OF THE DIRT
& GROW UP TO GROWNUP SIZE,
WINDWAVINGLY, STORMWAVINGLY
TIL READY FOR THE MILL WHICH
OPERATES BY THE DEFUNCTIO-

(5)

NALIZATION OF A CHOOCHOOTRAIN
WHEEL TO GRIND THE RYE BERRIES
BEFORE THEY ARE SOAKED IN
FOREVERWATER FROM THE
NEVERMINDFOCET & DECLARED
SOURDOUGH.

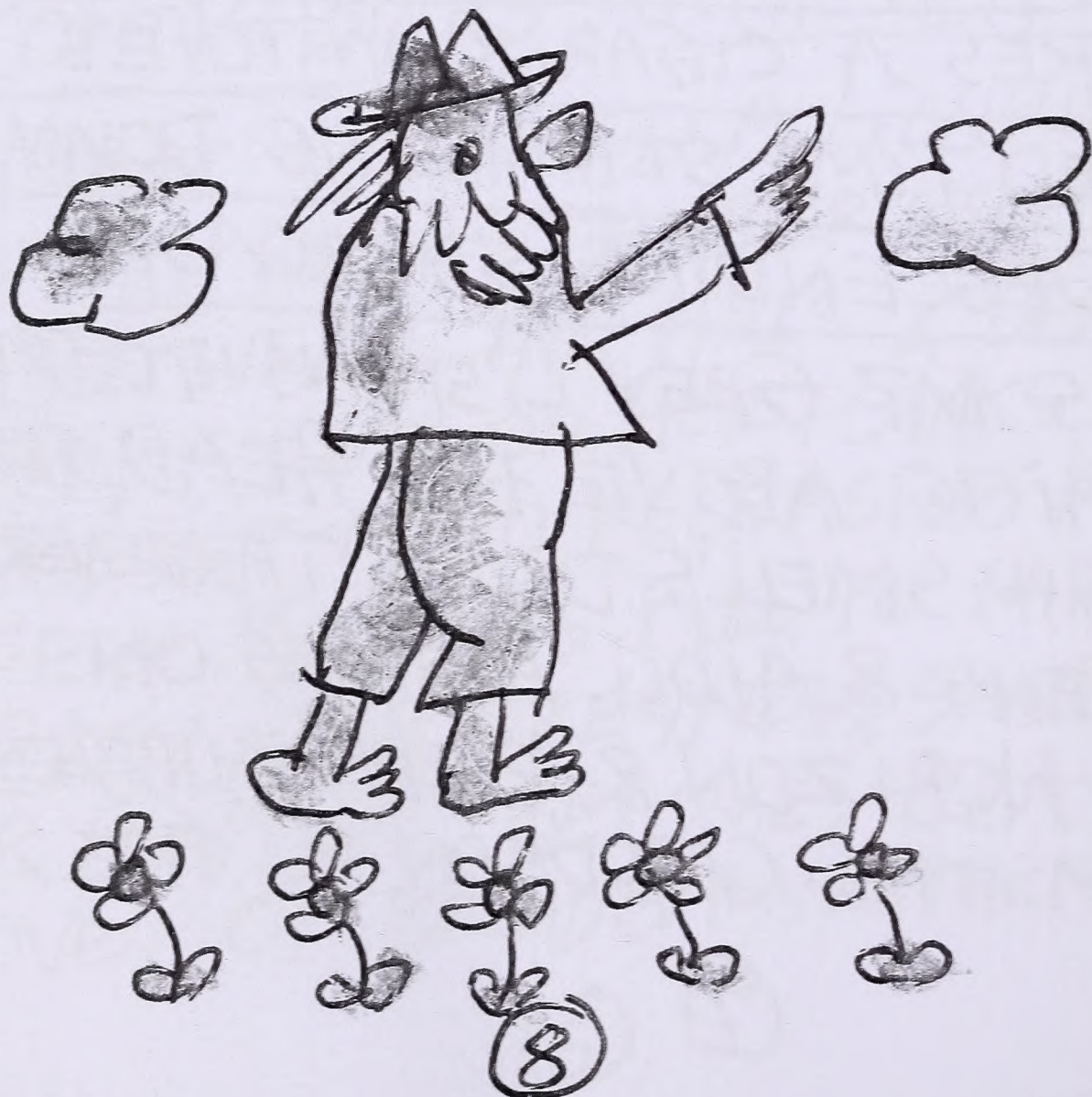
IN THE 3RD CHAPTER THE RIVER
CONTRIBUTES TO THE EFFORT

NEXT YOU NEED A LION RIVER
WHO ROARS DANGEROUSLY
BETWEEN THE HILLS & DEPOSITS
GREY CLAY ON HER FLANKS &
DOESN'T MIND RELEASING A
FEW BUCKETS FULL TO MR.
GREY FOR GREYNESS SAKE
& HAPPILY BECOMES CLAY
OVEN OF BREAD BAKING THICKNESS

& THEN PERMITS JOLLY FIRE
DANCING & PRANCING TIL
SUNSET GLOWING EMBERS LIE
DOWN & THE BAKING HOUR
CHIMES & URGES THE IMPA-
TIENT LOAVES INTO THE EMBER'S
EMBRACE.

IN THE 4TH CHAPTER MR. GREY
SMOKES A CIGAR & WATCHES
NAKED TIME STUMBLING DOWN
ITS DESCENDING STAIRCASE
& AS MR. GREY LISTENS TO THE
NOTHING ABOVE HIS HEAD, THE
FRESH SMELL'S DIVINE TAKEOVER
HAPPENS & AIDLI APPEARS ON
THE HORIZON & BEER BUBBLES
FROM THE CAULDRON & THE

NEIGHBORHOOD BLOWS ITS TRUMPET
& MARCHES THE GARLIC BATTLE-
MARCH INTO THE BOREDOM BESIEGED
VALLEY THROUGH THE CRUMBLING
CASTLE OF THE GREY CORPORATION
& THE GREY SAYS O.K.
& THE GREY SAYS O.K.
ACCORDING TO MR. GREY



THURSDAY
JULY 23 1964
1964

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